Meditations of

a Married Man.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

noticed how part will blunder into the open.

few of the Most women who permit themselves women who contribute to the "What only do it in order to prove, if they can, Women Most Like what patricians they are compared to in Men" symposia their plebeian husbands.

it were not for the fact that he had to prefer, during a domestic fracas, to

fling hums.

out her.

Often there's a world of mischievous

meditation going on behind those baf-

Mere Detail.

HIS aeroplane is wider
Than the Wrights' is, and is

It does not weigh one-half as much

long:

It has more propellers.

And it is twice as high;

The only drawback to it is

That he can't make it fly.

And it is twice as strong;

are frank enough to acknowledge they also like the man with \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$? You are perfectly right, Agatha. Wo. watching.

men are more self-controlled than men. A woman whose husband plays poker For example, the woman who pencils is bound to consider him as on the road fore publicly bursting into fears. fore publicly bursting into tears. The novelist who said recently that he "her bit."

The experienced husband would vastly

would be able to do some decent work if

write down" to his women readers, had have his wife indulge in rancorous rebetter watch out if he expects to stick marks than to begin to hum airly. around as a "best seller" writer. Now is the time when a woman particularly hates to see her husband pay \$5 for a box of cigars, when there are so many "white sales" going on.

The blithe young married man that a "School for Wives" has been who insists to-day upon his wife started in Chicago-which is a facttaking a couple of cocktails with and it's a million or a billion to one him before the table d'hote dinner that she'll come back with: "Huh! him before the table anote anner. And when are they going to start a teon't have to do any of that partic- 'School for Husbands,' I'd like to ular kind of insisting after a while. know?"

The clip who thinks it's a bang-up When a man waits till he's forty scheme to take his young wife out for or forty-five to get married his wife s rattling good time has a chance to just can't help wondering every minthink it over the next morning when ute how in the wide world he ever he notices her bloodshot eyes, her general dishevelment and her trembly managed to live all those years with-

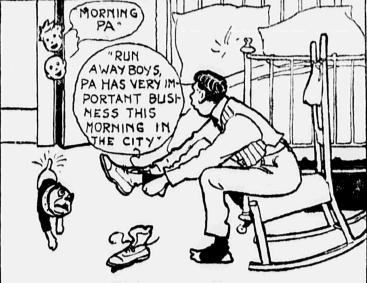
bromo-seltzer activities. Once we knew a grass widow who openly boasted of her ability to put her husband is "just the most helpless clever men over the jumps. Now she's creature you ever saw," you are justipicture show who couldn't, and wouldn't, jump over a trailing arbutus. picture show who couldn't, and But he blackens her eyes every week

It's a toss-up which is the cheaper and orneryer, the woman who reads valoud the letters another man has written her to the man she's with or the man who permits her to do that kind of reading.

or so just for exercise.

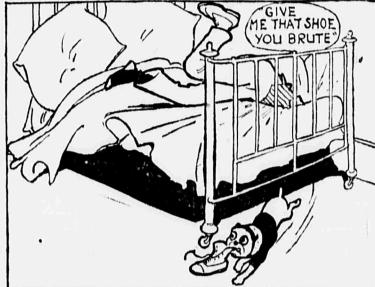
When a woman begins fervently to avow to everybody she knows how much she loves her husband the wise old tabbies of her acquaintance begin to exchange significant looks and to

The Jollys' Bull Pup & By H. Coultas







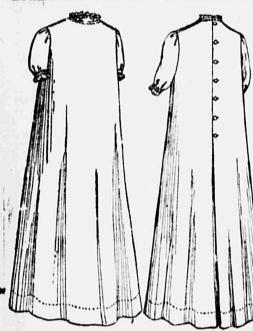




Players of the Period.



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sleeping and greater warmth is required. It is long enough to keep the little wearer warm and snug and it is absolutely free from oblectionable fuss. The quantity of material required is 21-2 yards 24 or 27, 21-4 yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 11-4 yards of ruffling.

HE simple little

at the neck and the

sleeves is a favorite

one, and is so com-

fortable that the baby

would be rendered

happy by wearing it

much of the time

HARLOTTE WALKER, whose popularity with our theatregoing public is, Here is a pretty one that is simplicity itself. and which can be made from lawn. batiste and similar flannel or flannelette if it is to be used for

> Mme, de Bruhl in "A Gentleman of France." She rejoined Kate," and Kitty in "The Marriage of Kitty." D. C., playing Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Resamond in "Sowing the

The season of 1905-06 Miss Walker was New York's most active actress, beginever on the increase, was born in Galveston, Tex., Dec. 29, 1878, being a ning in August at the New Amsterdam Theatre in the dual roles of Thora and direct descendant of the Pickney family, long distinguished in Southern Elin in "The Prodigal Son;" in October she created the role of Madge Bender in tears," said Mrs. Jarr. "She comes social and political affairs. She received her schooling in "The Embassy Ball," on tour; in November she was the grown-up Caudia in from a grand old Southern family; they her native town, and began her stage career in 1895 by play- "The Prince Chap," at Weber's Theatre; in December she was Dora Leland in owned slaves and had plantations and ing small parts in Richard Mansfield's company. She then "As Ye Sow," at the Garden; in February she was Persis Van Duyn in "The went abroad and made her London debut at the Comedy Triangle," at the Manhattan; in April she played Hattle Drake in "The Optimist," Theatre, July 2, 1886, with Charles Hawtrey, as Hattle Van at Daly's, and the month following she was seen at Wallack's as Elizabeth Holt Tassell Smythe in "The Mummy." Following this Miss in "The Embarrassment of Riches." The next season Miss Walker played but Walker left the stage and for four years the footlights one part, Constance Pinckney in "On Parole." The summer of 1907 she was knew her not. She resumed professional activities the sea- again in Washington, D. C., at both the Columbia and Belasco Theatres, playing son of 1900-01, dividing that season between Mario Dressler's Dora in "Diplomacy," Euridice Mole in "Featherbrain," Kitty Floyd in "Bruvver company, as Mabel Morningside in "Miss Print," and as Jim's Baby," the title role in "Trilby," Virginia Stockton in "Aristocracy," Jane Nagle in "The Manoeuvres of Jane," Vi Thompson in "The Stubbornness of Miss Walker began the following season as Antonia in Geraldine," Fuchsia Leach in "Moths," Lady Thomas in "The Amazons," Nora in Don Caesar's Return," in the support of James K. Hack- "A Doll's House," Mrs. Murgatroyd in "A Bunch of Violets," the name part in ett, appearing a few months later with Kyrle Bellew as "Zaza," Lady Windemere in "Lady Windemere's Fan," Kate Curtis in "Cousin

No. 25.—Charlotte Walker.

By Johnson Briscoe

Mr. Hackett's company in the spring of 1902, this time in Miss Walker spent the season of 1907-03 as Agatha Warren in "The Warrens of the capacity of leading woman, and for the following three years she was his Virginia," and the past summer she returned to Washington for a third stock opposite player, being Virginia Carvel in "The Crisis," Katherine Searles in season, adding four more roles to her repertoire, Angela Muir in "A Country John Ermine, of the Yellowstone," Queen Cecella in "The Crown Prince," Jane Mouse," the title part in "Candida," Raina Petkoff in "Arms and the Man," and Lane in "The Fortunes of the King," and Beatrice in "The House of Slience." Suzanne Trevor in "The Freedom of Suzanne." The past August she appeared in For a few weeks early in the fall of 1904 Miss Walker was Ada Van Allen in Chicago for a brief time as the lone heroine, Hilda, in "The Wolf," and this "Jack's Little Surprise," at the Princess Theatre, under Mr. Hackett's direction. season she is again one of "The Warrens of Virginia," at present tenants of the The summer of 1905 she appeared with the Columbia Theatre Stock, Washington, Academy of Music. Miss Walker has paid tribute at Hymen's alter upon two occasions, first, while a girl in her teens, becoming the wife of Dr. John B. Hay-Wind," Suzanna in "The Masked Ball," Mrs. McManus in "Betsy," Julia in den, a Galveston physician, from whom she secured a divorce last summer, and "Whitewashing Julia," Mirlam in "The Butterfiles," and Betty Fondacre in "The on Dec. 1 she married Eugene Walter, the well-known playwright.

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CHAPTER VI. The Burrell Code.

valley, and yet its incidents were never brawling depths. clear-cut nor distinct when he looked The wilderness had no mystery for back upon them, but blended into one her, and no terrors, so she was ever at dreamlike procession, as if he wandered his side, or in advance, while her eyes, through some calenture where every schooled in the tints of the forest, and

to but few; it was like the meon-madness of the tropics or the dementia of
the forest folk in spring. A gentle
to traverse, until, assuming the airs of
preasy possessed them, rendering them
a leader, the girl commanded him to and they resumed their journey, climbing as if under
the forest folk in spring. A gentle
to traverse, until, assuming the airs of
and they resumed their journey, climbing as if under
some steeply, Now, until, when the
sum was low, they juit the stream-bad bucket of water from a rill that trickled
"Your support
and they resumed their journey, climbsum was low, until, when the
sum was low, they juit the stream-bad bucket of water from a rill that trickled
"Your support
from the forest toward down among the received to bim-

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Gale, post trader at Flambeau, on the Yukon, has an Indian wife. Aliuna, and one beautiful daughter, Necia. The girl has just returned home from a mission echool. Lieut. Burrell, local military commander, fails in love with her. She reciprocates his affection. Poleon Derst, Gale's young French partner, secretly loves Necia. Burrell learns with horror that Necia is a half-breed indian. Runnion, a desperado, whom Burrell has ordered out of Flambeau. Flambeau, returns, in company with a professional "bad man "hamed Stark. "No Creek Lee," a propettr, finds gold some miles from Flambeau. He selis Gale and Poleon, who start thither with Lee to stake claims. Necia tells Burrell the secret, bowing and nodding in joyous surprise at this invasion: or, again, the breezes romped with them, withdraw-ling now and then to rush out and greet them at the bends in boisterous pleasure. They held to the bed of the stream, for its volume was low and enabled them to ford it from bar to bar. Necia had been raised in the open, with the with prior claims. Meantime Gale, Lee, Poleon, Stark and Runn'on start for the "strike" by another route. muscles were like those of a boy, hence

the two swung merrily onward as if in playful contest, while the youth had never occasion to wait for her or to have?" moderate his gait. Indeed, her footing was more sure than his, as he found NOT until his dying day will Burrell lose the memory of that march with Necia through the untrodden when she ventured out unhesitatingly upon felled logs that lay across swift,

image was delightfully distorted and more active than those of a bird. saw each act deliciously unreal, yet all the every moving thing, from the flash of very wild."

"What are you going to do?" he in- and pitched their camp.

commanded, sternly.

great fright, and said:

and stubborn creature." declared. "It's the only privilege they so far," she said.

"That was not presumption," she his shoulders. smiled; "It was pre-emption. You Pathfinder?" must be punished."

"I shall run away." he threatened woods and-begin to eat grass. I am indicated an imaginary direction- wards sleep, and over all was the

sweeter from its fleeting unreality. They a camp-robber's wing through some As she talked she drew from her stream so, and right there we'll find A gust blew a whin of the camp rush of spirits as untamed as the of a fool hen where it perched high up hook from her hat; then, in a trice, be surprised to see us! I think we're to watch Necia kneeling heside the fire land of illusions, where there was noth- dam, but she would not let the soldier the pool below of a half-dozen rain- biting laugh, and he cried: ing tangible but joy. The touch of shoot, and made him pass it by, where bow trout, which she thrust into his "Oh, girl! How wonderful you are!" cense in his nostrile. their lips had waked that delight which it sat amazed till it realized that these coat while they were still wriggling. "It's getting very dark and flerce," He filled his cheet deeply and legned comes but once in a lifetime, and then were lovers and resumed its fishing. Then she as quickly put up her gear she chided, "and all the housework on his axe, for he found himself shake-

sinsensible to fatigue and causing them lay off his pack, at which he pretended the shoulder of an untimbered ridge made as if to prepare their meal, but ! He took a seat beside her on a pile of to hurry the more breathlessly that to obey mutinously, though thrilling that ran down into the valley. And she would have none of it. STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. they might sooner rest and sit beside with the keenest delight at his own there, high up on the edge of the "Bigs should never cook," she de- troublesome; he had chosen a spot that spruce, they selected a mossy shelf clared. "That work belong to littles," was sheltered by a lichen-covered

> "Mind your own business, sir," she to fall into a whimsical mode of of chopping wood and boughs. From her belt she drew a little hunt. Ish habit in her talk that brought to place two green toot-logs upon which drank deep cupfuls of the unflavored ing knife, with which she cut and many a smile to the youth's face. It the teapot and the frying pan would tea. By the time they were finished trimmed a slender birch the thickness had been her fancy as a little girl to sit without upsetting, and how long she of his thumb, whereupon he pretended speak in adjectives, ignoring many of wished the sticks of cooking wood. "Please! please! What have I done?" amused her father that on rare occa- he built a wickiup of spruce tops, under wood and stretched out beside her. "Please! please! What have I done?" sions, when the humor was on him, he the shelter of which he piled thick, said the girl, "This day has been so wonderful," said the girl, "that I shall never go to also took it up. She now addressed fragrant billows of "Yukon feathers." "All pack animals are stubborn," he herself to Burrell in the same manner. Once while he was busy at his task sleep. I can't bear to end it."

"You are much too preseumptuous, also, as I discovered in your quarters."

"You travel like a deer," he declared, drink in the splendid isolation of it all, admiringly. "Why, you have tired me Below lay the bed of Black Bear

"which we go down till it joins another hush of the lonely hills.

then forced him to vacate her domain ledge, and this low wall behind, with They had become so intimate now as and turn himself to the maniler duties the wickiup joining it, formed an in-

speech, and Necia reverted to a child- First, however, she showed him how privacy. They are ravenously and her nouns, and its quaintness had so Then she banished him, as it were, and "I think we are very smart to come he paused to revel in the colors that lay against hill and valley, and to he said gently; 'I am."

"You travel like a deer," he declared, drink in the splendid isolation of it all. "Wait, let me see." She stretched her limbs and moved slightly to try her across the westward brim of the ivory and gold in the last rays of the "Right up the side of this big, and sun; while the open slopes behind and people-your sister." then along the ridge. In two hours all about wore a carpet of fragrant. He had expected her to ask this, for "I shall gallop right off through the we come to a gully running so"-she short-lived flowers, nodding as if to-

ing as if under the spell of some great

boughs where the smoke was least closure that lent them a certain air of the night had fallen and the air was just cool enough to make the, fire

agreeable. Burrell heaped on more "This day has been so wonderful." "But you must be weary, little maid,

muscles. "Yes, I am a very tired, but iso, as I discovered in your quarters."

"My only presumption is in loving ed his arms and shook out the ache in log twilight; beyond, away beyond, not the kind of tired that makes you." want to go to bed. I want to talk, talk, "Which way does our course lie now, Yukon basin, the peaks were blue and talk, and not about ourselves either, but about sensibles. Tell me about your

haustible charm for her.

taiked and laughed and sang with a hidden glade to the inquisitive needing pocket a spool of line, and took a flyodor of burning spruce was like an in- therefore he began to tell her of other

"Your supper is getting cold," she whose elaborate Southern

Mrs. Jarr Is Moved

She Learns All About Mrs. Kittingly; Asks Mr. Jarr's Sympathy For Her.

You know I think

Mr. Jarr.

she's been greatly talk about her is told me so," cruel. It's a shame the way some peo-

flaws in other people's characters had better look to their own."

"Chhuh," said Mr. Jarr Delphically, as he continued centred in his news-

stuck in that old newspaper reading, what is it"- and Mrs. Jarr leaned "The Life of Battling Nelson." Bah! Why don't you listen to me when I am talking to you about Mrs. Kittingly?" "The gay littil blonde upstairs?" ven-

tured Mr. Jarr.

Kittingly says she hates men, just de- owing to a cruel misunderstanding." spises them, and I don't blame her, and she isn't gay, either. She was crying the tall, dark stranger?" asked Mr. here fit to break her heart when she | Jarr. was telling me her troubles. But you that poor little thing was treated by about. It's her husband!" her first and second husbands!"

"Now, look here!" said Mr. Jarr, rous- | Jarr. ng up, "don't discuss the little blond lady with me. Half the time you tell interested I forgot to ask her!" me she's no good and half the time you tell me she's an angel, and if I agree with you on either count you roast me. On one count for being a brute and on the other for being infatuated with her. I don't want to know her. I've trouble enough of my own.

"Well, she's a good-hearted little thing, always has something for the children and gives me theatre tickets, which is more than you'd do, and it would have broken your heart if you had heard her tell the story of her life," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"I'm glad I didn't hear her, then, said Mr. Jerr. "My heart suits me as it is; I get a hob-nail liver once in a while, but my heart"____

"Ah!" said Mrs. Jarr, paying no beed but thinking of Mrs. Kitingly's sad story. "She was but such a mere slip of a girl, a child in years, with her tresses to her shoe tops when her first husband tempted her to slope with

"That's what they all say!" chortled Mr. Jarr. "But I know she was speaking the truth because her eyes filled with

And then you'll not regret You kept your fingers off; Believe the paint is wet.

By Roy L. McCardell. | steamboats, but they were impoverished

RS KIT"The war has been over for so
time, I'm informed," said Mr. Jarr.
"I think you are a heartless process "The war has been over for some again to-day," said
Mrs. Jarr. "She says herself when
she tries to be gay she is misunderstood." "I think you are a heartless wretch,"

"Poor thing! don't try to get gay with me," said Mr. "Well, I don't care, so long as she

Jarr, virtuously. "Have no fear," said Mrs. Jarr, cutmisjudged, and tingly, "she prefers tall, dark men, she

"Aw, I don't care. I think she's a pest!" said Mr. Jarr rudely, and returned to the recital of Mr. Nelson's

doughty deeds. her life. My opinion is that a lot of our advice; she has no one to whom she 'Now, you just listen; she was asking can confide," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I thought you said you were going to cut her out?" remarked Mr. Jarr.

"I did not know the facts then," said Mrs. Jarr, "like the rest of the world, I misjudged her. But think of her I'm talking to you to keep your nose nothing but her alimony, no one to position, all alone in the world, with comfort her, and yet she has such an unworldly nature. That's because she was educated in a convent."

"I hate to scandal," said Mr. Jarr. "but I've been noticing a fellow slipping out and in to see her recently."

"Ah, that's just it," said Mrs. Jarr. "Well, if she's a blonde she's a natural eagerly, "that's the point she wanted blonds. She only touches up her hair a to consult me about. Did you know little, and it's no sin for a woman to she wasn't really divorced this last keep herself attractive, although Mrs. time? It's only a mutual separation "What's that got to do with it, who's

"Sssh!" said Mrs. Jarr, getting up are not interested because it shows what and closing the door. "That's the very tyrants and brutes men can be, the way thing. She's so afraid of being talked

"The first or second?" inquired Mr. "Dear me," said Mrs. Jarr, "I was so

Experience.

T said so on the sign, But still you felt a doubt About it, and, in fine, You thought you'd find it out. It didn't help you much, But still your heart was set To put it to the touch-Of course, the paint was wet

You'll find such signs, my friend, Along this life's nighway. The men who know intend To warn by that display. But we, of course, are bound Experience to get. Although we've always found

The paint we touched was wet My boy, control the itch To prove be not beguiled. Who handles paint-or pitch-Is sure to be defiled. d warmings never scoff

-Chicago News.



My "Cycle of Readings." By Count Tolston

(Copyrighted by the Press Publishing Company, deadle York World, 1908.)
(Copyrighted by Herman Bernstein)

The italicized paragraphs are Count Tolston inal comments on the subject.

Spiritual Peace. FAITH leads to spiritual peace.

NE thing is essential: to give one's self to God. See that you yourself are in order, and leave th to God to disentangle the threads of the world and its fates, be it destruction or immortality. That which should be will be. That which will be-will be

sary for man except faith in goodness .- Amiel.

for the best. In order to journey the road of life perhaps nothing is need

DELIGION has loftier aims than the education of a good man. It passes supposes that he is good already, and its principal aim is to appear this good man to the highest stage of understanding. Lessing.

FRIEND, why should you trouble yourest over the mysteries of istence! Why should you torment your heart and soul with difficult reflectioned Live happily, pass your time forfully; at the end you will not be asked why is the world such as it is.

Look at the morning; rise, young man, and breathe in the joy of the dawn. There will come a time when you will seek and will not find that moment of life which filled us with surprise in this delusive world. The morning has thrown off the cover of darkness—what is there to grieve for? Rise: let us avail ourselves of the morning, for many mornings will yet come when there will be no breath in us any longer.

TI is said that the last day will be a general day of judgment, and that God, the merciful, will be angry. But kindness can breed nothing but kindness. Fear not: the end will be full of joy. The different religious have divided mankind into seventy-two nations-of all their dogmas I have chosen one: divine love.-Persian Khayyam.

W HO is a kind man? Only a religious man is kind. But what is kindness? First and above all is the harmony to the second state of the second s conscience (reason).-Chinese Buddhism.

FI say sincerely: May Your will be done on earth as in Heaven—that is, in this temporary life even as in eternal life—then I need no confirmations, no proofs of immortality. I give myself to the will of the

Infinite Being, blessing this will; I know that it is love-what more do I He had not even allowed himself to . . Christ, dying, said: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my think, as yet, and there were reasons spirit." He who can say these words, comprehending their full significance,

needs nothing else. Faith, true faith, solves everything. In order to have this faith it is necessary to educate it within us. And

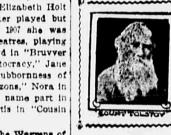
waters in the course they followed.

They wandered, hand-in-hand, into a prised a marten fishing in a drift-wood creeping out upon a ledge, she whilped you?"

She laughed a fishing-rod, and, very cunning to beat them in, don't like some graceful virgin at her altar after to-night, but this was the hour of in order to educate it it is necessary to perform the acts of faith. The essence of the acts of faith is not in great deeds, but in deeds, per-

haps imperceptible, sometimes insignificant, but performed exclusively for A man has to die alone, sald Pascal; it is also necessary for each one

to live alone before God and not before other people.



Translated by Herman Bernstein